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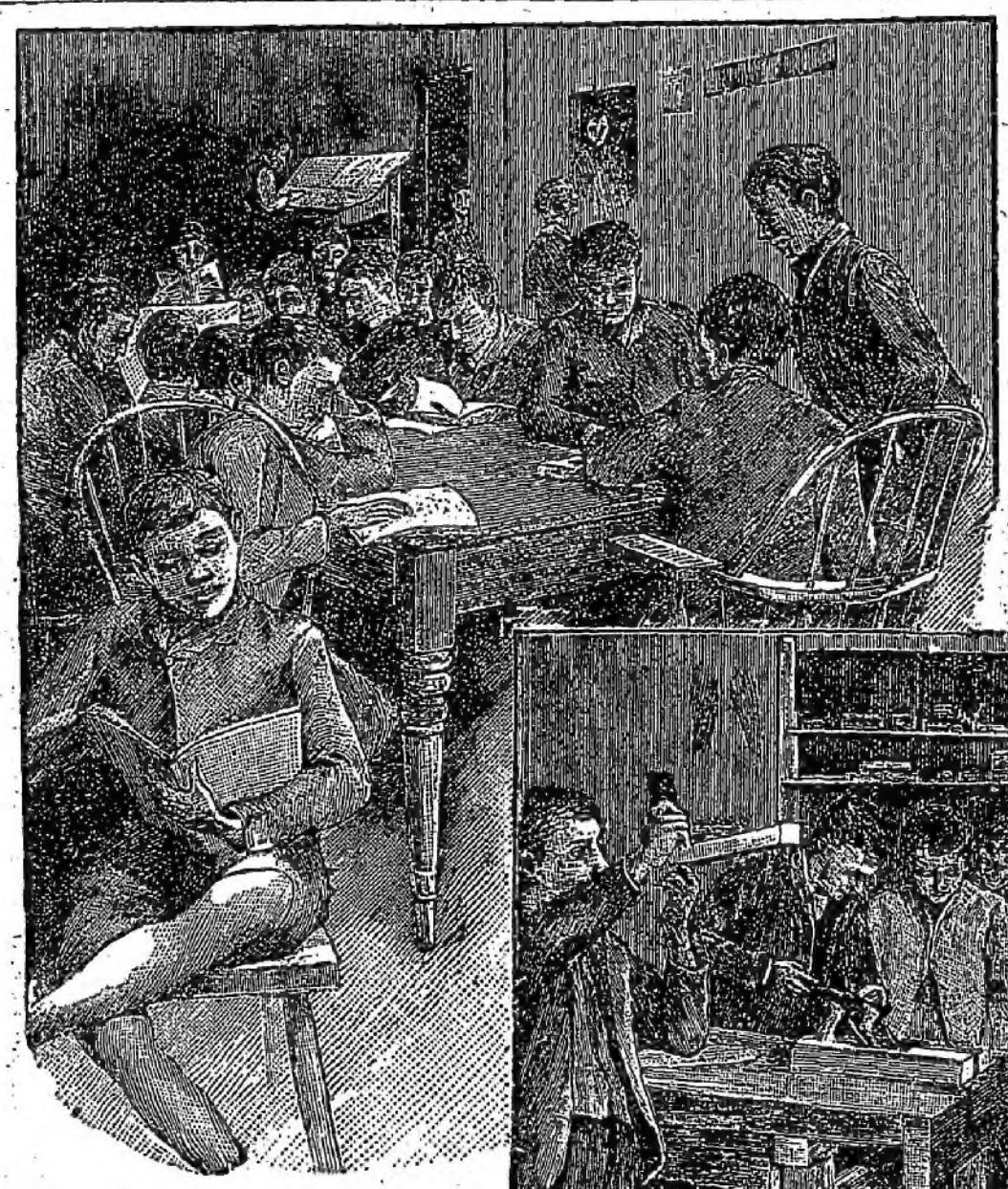
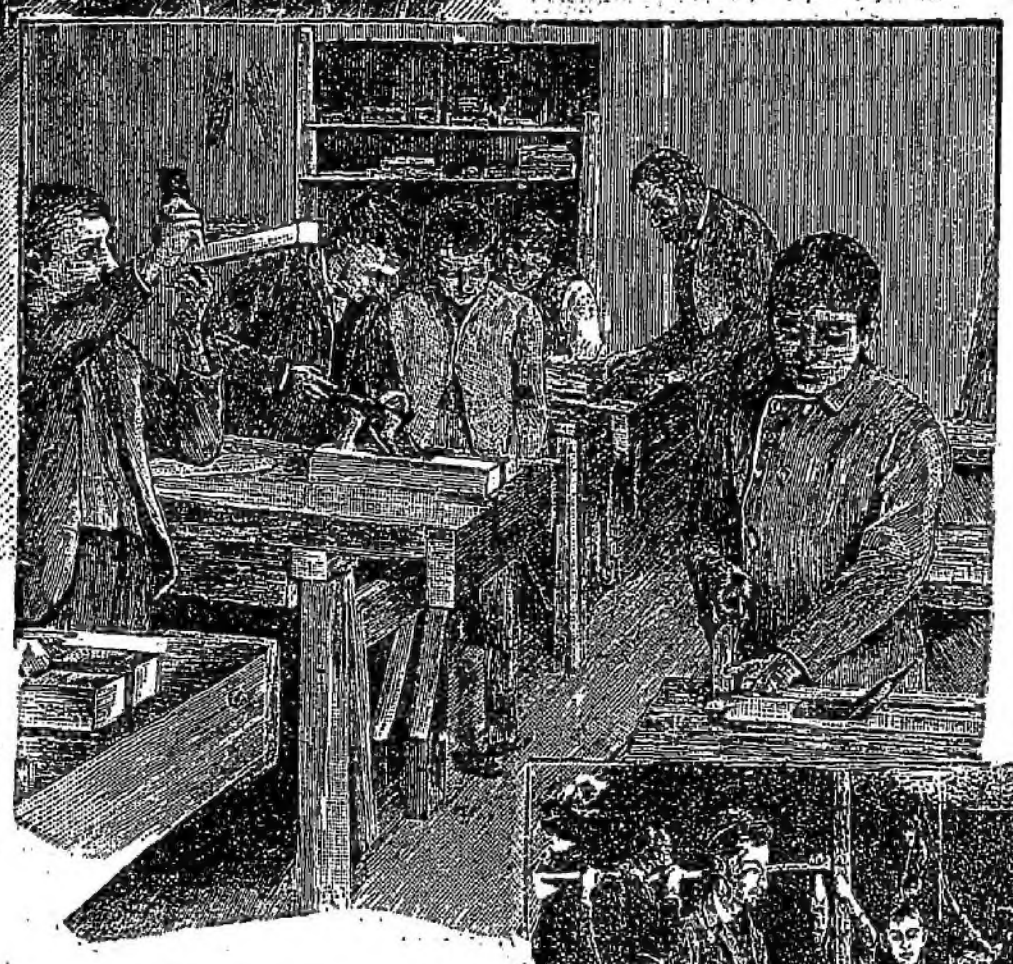


Boys' Reading Room.



Carpenter Shop.

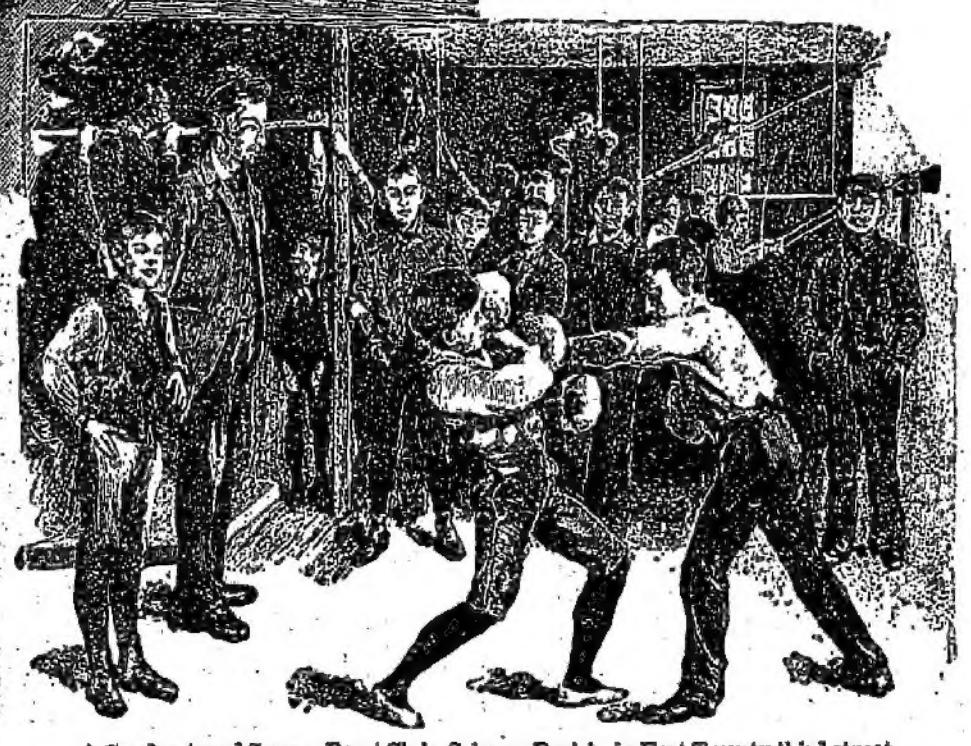
BOYS' CLUBS.

How many boys and youths in the crowded parts of our cities spend their evenings in lounging about street corners making careless remarks on women passing by, loitering in pool and billiard rooms, listening to and telling low stories. This is the school in which are raised the future inmates of all our gaols and penitentiaries. The boys are not all bad to begin with; they are what they are largely because nothing better has ever been shown them, or if they have different aspirations these are stifled by the miserable surroundings almost before they are felt to exist. It is with a view to opposing strong counter attraction to this life that boys' clubs are being organized. A description of those now in operation in the city of New York is given in a late *Scribner* by Evert Jansen Wendell. He says: It was in the fall of 1878 that the small boys about Tompkins square, having exhausted the ordinary methods of street enjoyment, began to amuse themselves by throwing stones through the windows of the Wilson Mission at No. 125 St. Mark's Place, and by jeering at the various people connected with it as they passed in and out of the building. These customs proving in time both expensive and annoying to the ladies and gentlemen connected with the mission, and complaints to the Police Department only resulting in a temporary cessation of hostilities whenever the lynx-eyed policeman on the beat appeared, and as long as he remained in sight, one of the ladies determined to try the soothing effects of coals of fire, poured metaphorically upon the heads of the offending boys. So one evening she answered an especially irritating volley of stones by appearing on the doorsteps, and taking advantage of a momentary lull in the catcalls which her appearance had excited, asked the boys if they would not come in and have some coffee and cakes. Visions of "cops" with big clubs behind the door naturally occurred to the minds of the prospective guests; but when a few of the more venturesome had sidled in, and no attacks, apparently, had been made on them, the others took courage and followed them, to find themselves quietly welcomed to the simple repast which the lady had plenteously provided as the most practical form in which to administer her coals of fire. Everyone had as much as he wanted, no reference was made to the cause of the broken glass, and each boy was treated with a kindness and courtesy quite unexpected, in view of the fact that within a few moments he had been engaged in smashing his hostess's windows. When the supper had all been absorbed, the boys were sent forth with a pleasant good-night to ruminate on their evening's experiences, and to decide which part of the evening had been the more enjoyable—defacing the exterior of the mission building, or being treated with kindness and courtesy within its walls; and their decision soon became apparent, for not only did the annoyances cease, but the boys were soon back again, not for coffee and cakes, but to ask if they could not come in and play games—though there was little in the room but an atmosphere of kindness and good breeding.

Then more boys came and were welcomed, interested friends sent down chairs and tables and games, a board of managers was instituted, and so the first boys' club was started on the broad principle which should underlie them all, of hearty welcome for any boy, whatever his condition or belief, who prefers an evening of innocent enjoyment in a place where he must show respect and courtesy to all about him, to the thoughtlessness and hidden dangers of an evening in the street.

The Boys' Club is now in its thirteenth year of work, and an average attendance of over two hundred and fifty boys a night was the result of the season's first three months.

When boys first come to the club the



A Good-natured Scrap—Boys' Club, Calvary Parish, in East Twenty-third street.

dirt of the street has often rendered them quite unprepared to handle a book or a game without seriously damaging its condition; but the desire to join the other boys soon leads them to retire to the neat wash-room adjoining the club-room and to submit to the temporary discomfort of washing their hands; and after a short time they begin to prefer a condition of mild cleanliness.

A nicer, brighter lot of boys you will not find anywhere than you can see there of an evening. Their clothes are not made at Poole's, nor is their linen of the finest, when they substitute it for the cotton or flannel shirts in which they look so much more picturesque; but their bright smiles and cheery greetings show that their hearts are in the right place, and that the influences of the Boys' Club have not been exerted in vain.

There are classes in singing, writing, and book-keeping for those who care to avail of them. A class in modelling a year or two ago developed a latent genius who is now working at a good salary in an art museum, and has almost enough laid aside to go abroad and pursue his studies. There is a separate meeting-room for the older boys whose records at the club entitle them to use it; and a penny savings-bank is in active and successful operation. But the main object of the club has always been simply to provide quiet and innocent amusement sufficiently attractive to draw the boys away from the danger of the streets, and to put into their lives the softening influences they are not apt to find elsewhere.

Those who knew Tompkins square before the club was started have only to walk through it now to see at once the different character of the boys there; and those who did not know it before need only talk with the neighbors and the policemen on duty near by, to convince themselves of the splendid work it has accomplished.

The Avenue C Working Boys' Club, at No. 650 East Fourteenth street, was started in 1884, under the name of the St. George's Boys' Club, and in its first two years of existence occupied the basement of the building No. 207 East Sixteenth street, which was then pulled down to make room for the St. George's Memorial House that now stands upon the same site when the club moved to No. 237 East Twenty-first street, still retaining the old name, though at that time it had no real connection with St. George's church. This new house was of four stories, of which the basement was given to the janitor and his family, the parlor floor and the second story were devoted to club purposes, and the upper floor was rented to unhappy tenants.

At first the club was conducted on the principle of the Boys' Club of St. Mark's Place, and aimed only to offer counter-attractions to those of the street; but the signal success of a class in type-setting, which had been started as an experiment, so impressed the managers that they decided to concentrate their energies on the teaching of trades; and a kindly offer being made to them by the Avenue C Industrial Schools of the use of a beautifully appointed little carpenter shop, with benches and tools complete, in the new building at the corner of Fourteenth street and Avenue C, they decided to leave the house in Twenty-first street, after two very successful seasons, and moved to their present quarters, where classes are now held in carpentering and type-setting. There are fifty boys in the classes, each of whom receives two lessons a week in either one of these trades, from skilled and practical instructors.

The carpenter's shop is beautifully appointed, there being six benches, each one large enough to accommodate two boys; each boy has his kit of tools, as good in every respect as those used by regular carpenters; and the chairs and tables and book-cases they turn out, not to speak of brackets and smaller articles of furniture and decoration, many a man may well feel proud of having made.

The printing class is also in a flourishing condition, the boys having so far mastered the intricacies of setting and distributing type that they have lately begun to take in job printing, with most creditable results; and it is purposed a little later to publish a small paper, to appear monthly; an experiment which has been instituted with success in the old Twenty-first street house.

A number of the boys in the classes have regular work at these same trades in the daytime, and the instruction in the club has led, in many cases, to a decided increase in their weekly salaries. One of the managers takes charge of the savings of such boys as desire it, and, when they have enough, helps them to open accounts in the savings-bank; and some of the boys who have started in this way, now have two or three hundred dollars to their credit. There is always a list of boys waiting to get into the classes, and if a boy fails to attend regularly, or to do his best work, his place is filled by someone who will appreciate the advantages more; but these cases do not often occur. The boys like the classes too well to want to leave them. Medals are given at the end of each year to the boys who have done the best work in the classes; and on some holiday in the spring, the managers take the boys for an excursion to the country, the pleasure of which lasts in remembrance far into the winter.

The question often is asked as to which kind of club is the more desirable—one in which trades are taught, or one in which the boys are simply entertained; but they are so different in character that a fair comparison would be as difficult as it would be unnecessary. There is no doubt that the teaching of trades is of great importance, and that the work done by a club of that character meets a very important need; but, on the other hand, it is the boys who do not care to work who are much more apt to get into mischief at night on the street, and clubs devoted to drawing them in and providing them with innocent amusements fill a different need, but hardly a less important one.

The Boys' Club of Calvary Parish, at No. 344 East Twenty-third street, was started about two years ago, shortly after the present Avenue C Working Boys' Club left that district; and it has met with great success, many of the boys of the old club, and no end of others, having enjoyed its privileges. In addition to a room for books and games, they have a second room fitted up as a gymnasium with trapezes, horizontal and parallel bars, and other gymnastic appliances, and the evening is usually divided between the two, the first half being devoted to the reading-room and the second half to the gymnasium, the boys forming in line at a given signal and being admitted one by one to the gymnasium on showing their tickets. Then the rest of the evening is given up to exercise of all kinds, some going in for using the apparatus, and others preferring boxing, single stick, or wrestling, for which the gloves, sticks, and mattresses are provided, if the superintendent has time to oversee the exercise and keep it within proper bounds. Good-nature is the one thing insisted on, and many a boy receives there a valuable lesson in self-control, in connection with a mildly bruised nose.

They also have a small printing class, and it is purposed to issue periodically a small paper devoted to the interests of boys' clubs in general, which, if persisted in, will do much good to the cause.

I have devoted considerable space to these three clubs from their being the oldest and most complete of their respective classes; but other clubs are doing splendid work.

All these clubs are open every night excepting in summer, and gladly receive as members any boys who are willing to conduct themselves properly while in the club-rooms—the only limit being space.

In summer, from June to October, all the clubs are closed, for no one wants to stay indoors during the hot weather, and the boys naturally seek the open air; but the streets then are much less dangerous, both on account of darkness coming on so much later than in winter, and because hundreds of respectable people, who in winter stay in their rooms, sit, in summer, out in front of their houses, and thus render questionable practices in the streets much less easy.

All the clubs have libraries, more or less good; some of them let the boys take books home, when they have shown themselves, by good behavior, to be worthy of confidence; many of them have a class in something, to interest the boys who care to work; several have penny savings-banks; all of them have games, excepting the Avenue C Working Boys' Club, which admits only the boys who come to attend the trade classes; a number have debating societies, in which weighty matters of world-wide interest are discussed and dismissed with a rapidity which would greatly expedite the national legislation if the system could be successfully introduced at Washington: two or three of them give their members an excursion in summer; and they all give their boys periodical entertainments, some as often as once a week, and others once a month or at longer intervals.

Don't go in for boys' club work unless you can feel a genuine personal interest in the boys themselves; don't go in for it if occasional dirty hands and faces hopelessly offend your taste; don't go in for it if ragged and tattered shirts will antagonize you, for all these will continually confront you; but if you care enough for boys to look below the surface you will find under those little breasts hearts as true and affections as deep as you will ever meet with anywhere, ready to be influenced by an interest they feel to be sincere and eager to respond to the love and sympathy of which they find so little elsewhere and which do more than anything else can do to counteract the dangerous influences of the streets and make them honest, true, and law-abiding citizens.

IDOLS TURNED INTO A CHURCH BELL.

A missionary in Travancore observed one morning some years ago, a native approaching his house with a heavy burden. On reaching it, he laid on the ground a sack. Unfastening it, he emptied it of its contents—a number of idols. "What have you brought these here for?" said the missionary, "I do not want them." "You have taught us that we do not want them, sir," said the native; "but we think they might be put to some good use. Could they not be melted down and formed into a bell to call us to church?" The hint was taken; they were sent to a bell-founder in Cochin, and by him made into a bell, which is now used to summon the native converts to praise and prayer.

When One about to unite with the church was asked under whose preaching she was converted, her reply was, "Under nobody's preaching; it was under Aunt Mary's living."

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON VII.—AUGUST 16, 1891.

THE FIVE THOUSAND FED.—John 6: 1-14.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 11-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"I am that bread of life."—John 6:48.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Hungry People. vs. 1-5.
II. The Small Provision. vs. 6 9.
III. The Divine Feeding, vs. 10-14.

HOME READINGS.

M. John 6:1-14.—The Five Thousand Fed.
T. 2 Kings 4:38-44.—Elisha's Provision.
W. Isa. 25:1-12.—A Feast unto All People.
Th. Matt. 15:29-39.—Four Thousand Fed.
F. Luke 15:11-24.—The Prodigal Perishing with Hunger.
S. Psalm 145:1-21.—Their Meat in Due Season.
S. Psalm 78:15-32.—Angels' Food.

TIME.—A.D. 29, April; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

PLACE.—A desert or uninhabited place now called the plain of Butaiha, on the north-eastern shore of the Sea of Galilee, not far from Bethsaida Julias.

OPENING WORDS.

There is an interval of a year between this lesson and the last. Of this year's ministry we have a record in the other evangelists. Parallel accounts. Matt. 14:13-21; Mark 6:30-44; Luke 9:10-17.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 1. *The sea of Galilee*—east of Galilee, oval in shape, about fourteen miles long and seven wide. The place to which Jesus went belonged to Bethsaida Julias (Luke 9:10), east of the Jordan, and not far from its entrance into the sea. V. 3. *A mountain*—some part of the hills which there approach very near to the lake. V. 6. *To prove him*—to try what impression his Master's words and works had made upon him. V. 7. *Two hundred pennyworth*—about thirty-four dollars. V. 9. *Five barley loaves and two small fishes*—a scant supply for thirteen men if they were hungry. V. 10. *Sat down*—in ranks or companies. V. 11. *Jesus took the loaves*—after giving thanks he multiplied the store, so that these thousands had all they wanted and to spare. V. 13. *Twelve baskets*—more was left than there had been at first; an emblem of the love that enriches itself by helping others. V. 14. *That prophet*—the Messiah.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE HUNGRY PEOPLE. vs. 1-6.—Whither did Jesus go? Why did a great multitude follow him? How did the sight of the multitude affect Jesus? Mark 6:34. What did he say to Philip? For what purpose did he say this?

II. THE SMALL PROVISION. vs. 7-9.—What was Philip's reply? Why did he name this sum? What did Andrew say? What confession was there in these words?

III. THE DIVINE FEEDING. vs. 10-14.—What did Jesus direct? How many men were there? What did Jesus do with the loaves and fishes? Why did he give thanks? What was done after they had eaten? How much remained? What was the effect of the miracle on the people.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That Jesus has a tender care for those who follow him.
2. That he suits his blessings to the needs of his people.
3. That he is the Bread of Life which alone will satisfy the hunger of the soul.
4. That dividing our blessings with others often multiplies them to ourselves.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. Where did Jesus go with his apostles? Ans. He went over the sea of Galilee to a desert place.
2. How great a multitude came to him? Ans. Five thousand men.
3. How did Jesus feed them? Ans. From five barley loaves and two small fishes he made food enough to satisfy them all.
4. How much remained after all had eaten? Ans. Twelve baskets of fragments.

LESSON VIII.—AUGUST 23, 1891.

CHRIST THE BREAD OF LIFE.—John 6:26-40.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 33-35.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Lord, evermore give us this bread."—John 6:34.

HOME READINGS.

M. John 6:15-27.—The Meat which Perisheth.
T. John 6:27-40.—Christ the Bread of Life.
W. John 6:41-59.—His Flesh for Bread.
Th. Matt. 26:17-30.—"This is my Body."
F. 1 Cor. 10:1-17. The Communion of Christ's Body.
S. 1 Cor. 11:17-34.—Eating Unworthily.
S. Luke 14:17-24.—The Great Supper.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Bread that Perisheth. vs. 26-31.
II. The Bread from Heaven. vs. 32-34.
III. The Bread Giving Life. vs. 35-40.

TIME.—A.D. 29, about the middle of April, the day after our last lesson; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

PLACE.—Capernaum, on the north-west shore of the Sea of Galilee, now Tell Hum.

OPENING WORDS.

The feeding of the five thousand was followed by the stilling of the storm on the sea of Galilee. Those whom Jesus had fed on the eastern shore came to him the next day at Capernaum. There he delivered to them the discourse of which our lesson is a part.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 27. *Labor not for the meat which perisheth*—do not make the supply of your bodily wants your chief work. *Meat which endureth*—spiritual and eternal good. *Sealed*—certified and authenticated as the Messiah, the true giver of this spiritual food. V. 30. *What sign*—from heaven (Matt. 16:1), like the manna, which was a proof that Moses came from God. V. 32. *Moses gave you not*—he denies (1) that Moses gave the manna; (2) that the manna was, in the truest sense, bread from heaven. *The true bread from heaven*—the spiritual bread that feeds the soul, of which manna was the type. V. 33. *He which cometh*—Revised Version, "that which cometh." V. 35. *Shall never hunger*—shall have all his spiritual wants continually satisfied. V. 36. *Have seen me*—have had full proofs of my divine mission. V. 37. *Giveth me*—Isa. 53:10-12; John 17:2, 9; Eph. 1:3-12. *Cast out*—reject from my favor.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What miracle followed the feeding of the five thousand? What did those whom Jesus had fed do the next day? What did they say to him? What did Jesus reply? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE BREAD THAT PERISHETH. vs. 26-31.—What did Jesus command those who came to him to do? What did he mean by the *meat which perisheth*? By the *meat which endureth*? How does the Son of man give this meat? Meaning of *him hath God sealed*? What question did they ask? What was Christ's reply? What did they then ask? Why did they speak of the manna?

II. THE BREAD FROM HEAVEN. vs. 32-34.—What did Jesus reply? Who gives the bread from heaven? Who is this Bread from heaven? What did they say when they heard this?

III. THE BREAD GIVING LIFE. vs. 35-40.—What did Jesus then say of himself? Of those who came to him? What charge did he repeat? Who did he say would come to him? What gracious promise did he make? For what purpose did he come from heaven? What is the Father's will?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That we have souls to be fed as well as bodies.
2. That no earthly thing will satisfy the hunger of the soul.
3. That Jesus is the true Bread of Life, giving health and strength to the soul.
4. That he will give eternal life to those that believe.
5. That he will raise their bodies from the grave.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. Why did the multitude seek Jesus? Ans. Because they ate of the loaves and were filled.
2. What counsel did he give them? Ans. Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life.
3. What is the work of God? Ans. This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent.
4. What did Jesus say of himself? Ans. I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me shall never hunger.
5. What gracious promise did he give? Ans. Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

WILLIAM DAWSON'S NEW DOCTOR.

"What are you doing, William?" exclaimed a poor sickly-looking woman to her husband one Saturday afternoon as she came in from marketing, and found her husband mounted on a chair, and fastening a piece of perforated zinc, about four inches deep, across the top of the window-frame.

"I am calling in a new doctor, Polly, that is what I am doing. We have had plenty of sickness this last year, and a long doctor's bill too, and I don't see that you are any the better for either his visits or his medicine; so I am going to try a new doctor who won't charge anything, and will come in at any hour of the day or night that we like to send for him, and stay as long as we please," replied William Dawson, as he put the finishing stroke to his work.

"Well, be quick and shut the window, please—I can't bear that draught, and tell me who this wonderful doctor is; I am sure I shall be glad enough if he'll put a little strength into me," said Mrs. Dawson, irritably.

"I am not going to shut the window any further than this piece of zinc; but you won't feel any draught, Polly, when I have finished. The fresh air will be constantly coming into the room, but above our heads, so we shan't feel it. There, I have done, now, and I'll come and tell you about my new doctor. His name is Air, Polly—Fresh Air—and I am very much mistaken if Dr. Air does not do you a deal more good than Dr. Smith did, and won't cost us more than the few pence I paid for that bit of zinc to let him in with did."

"Air! What good will that do me, I should like to know? I thought you had heard of a new doctor."

"So I have, I tell you. Look here, Polly, I have been reading a good deal lately about fresh air, and why we need it, and I am sure part of your illness is want of fresh air. It can't be healthy for you and me and two children to eat and live and sleep in these two small rooms unless we have a constant supply of fresh air; so I have put a piece of perforated zinc at the top of both the windows, and now we shall always have a constant supply of fresh air. I did the bed-room window first, because that is more important than this room."

"I can't see what difference the air should make. Of course, a good blow in the country would do one good, I grant that; but why should not the air that is in the room now be just as good as what is coming in at the window?"

"Because every time we breathe we give out impure air, which taints all the rest, and we take in the pure air; so you see if the stock is not constantly renewed we exhaust the fresh air, and go on breathing in the impure exhausted air over and over again. Now, pure air is like food to our blood; every time we breathe fresh air we are enriching our blood, every time we breathe impure air we are poisoning it."

"Poisoning our blood! How can air possibly poison us?"

"Because air consists of three gases, and one of those gases is a poisonous gas, and that poisonous gas is the one we give out when we breathe, so that unless we have a constant supply of fresh air coming in, the whole air of the room by degrees becomes poisoned, and we breathe in the poisoned air instead of the fresh pure air to renew our blood. There are other things besides our health which help to make the air impure—lamps, candles, gas, dirty linen, flowers, and decaying vegetables, potato-peelings, odds and ends of greens, or any other vegetable or fruit, even tea-leaves,—all help to poison the air.

"By the way, Polly, you should always burn old tea-leaves and vegetable parings, and not throw them into the dust-bin, and never keep the dirty linen in our bedroom, as I think you do; there is plenty of room for it on the landing in that cupboard. You don't feel any draught from that window, do you?"

"No; not the least. But you don't mean to have the window open at night in the winter, do you?"

"Up to that piece of zinc, I do. There will be no draught, because the air will come in freely, and the bad air will go out. Air should always be moving, as it will be in these rooms now; and I am sure of this, we can't have good health without a constant supply of fresh air. Now I understand how the air nourishes our blood, I see the importance of keeping the air we breathe pure. You won't be cold at night, don't you fear that. Your blood will circulate all the better for having pure air, and there is nothing keeps us warm like a good circulation; but I'll tell you what, Polly, I don't believe you'll wake up with a headache to-morrow morning, as you always do."

Mrs. Dawson did not quite believe this, though she could not help acknowledging there was a good deal of reason in her husband's new fad, as she privately called it; but, however, the next morning she was obliged to confess she had no headache, and when in the course of a few weeks' time she began to feel stronger and to lose the pale, pasty, unhealthy complexion she used to have, she freely owned her improved health was entirely due to her husband's new doctor, Fresh Air.

And many other people, if they would but believe it, might enjoy much better health if they would only admit more fresh air into their houses, especially into their bedrooms, for the air becomes tainted more quickly at night than in daylight, therefore bedroom windows should be kept open as much as possible during the day, and if there be no ventilator in the room, left open a little way at the top under the blind during the night.

Air is one of God's best gifts to us. We cannot live without it, and yet we think nothing of it, and too often neglect the simplest means of keeping our bodies in health by feeding them with a constant supply of fresh air.—*Friendly Greetings.*

OUR CHINA.

Important as the part of women has been in the production of beautiful chinas, no less important has been their part in preserving them. For in how many families are the cups and saucers, the plates, the exquisite bowls, looked at with twice the love, indeed, that they would have for their beauty, on account of the fact that a grandmother or a greatgrandmother once drank her tea from them, and entertained her guests with pride by their help, and by her gentle care transmitted them unbroken and unscathed! They can see, in their mind's eye, the pretty picture of the lady of that day, with her little keeler of water and her linen towels brought in by the maid as she still kept her seat at table, and then the dainty rinsing of each piece held in her delicate fingers, the dipping and turning and swift wiping till all was done. But her descendant condescends to no such thing; she will take no such trouble when she hires people to take it for her: she lets her table-girl dump the whole trayful, irrespectively, into a pan of hot soapsuds, and handles are knocked off, and bits are nicked out of edges, and enamel is scaled away, and disfiguring cracks are made and filled with grease, and presently gaps appear in the set which no one on this side of the ash barrel knows anything about.

Yet if the owner of the china in this generation wished her china to remain intact as when it came to her either by descent or purchase, she would do as her grandmother did. She would have a wooden bowl—for if the bowl is of earthenware any chance collision may make a breakage—and for ordinary china she would have simply hot water, without soap, and would wash and wipe dry each article separately, the hot water and dry cloth giving all the polish needed. The use of soap or soda invariably defaces the gilding and the coloring after a time. If she does this herself, carefully attending to each piece, one at a time, there will be no difficult corners or other places requiring the injurious brush. The raised work of certain chinas in relief will, of course, sometimes need a brush; but it should be a very soft one even then, while it is rarely that embossed intricacy of work is found on any table china that she is likely to have. If she is the fortunate possessor of either Dresden or Sevres, however, she should not even use hot water to them, but should rinse them in clear cold water, which in most instances, with dry wiping, is all that is needed for cleanliness.

In the case of a breakage, after all their care, our grandmothers had a neat cement, whose secret was probably brought from the Orient—a cement composed of powdered flint, or else of powdered flint glass, at choice, procured at the apothecary's, and made into a paste with resin. After heating the broken edges they applied this, and tied the pieces together for a while, afterward carefully scraping off any that protruded. Another excellent cement was made by quickly stirring some plaster of Paris into thick gum-arabic water, till it was not quite as thick as porridge, brushing it over the edges and joining them, whereon it hardened into the toughness of the ware itself. If in our own china the crack just shows, we can console ourselves by remembering the cracked teacup which was once sent to China as a pattern for a set, and the order being filled, it was found that in every separate cup a crack of the precise dimension of that in the pattern was to be seen. Still it cannot be said that a crack improves the appearance of a bit of choice china any more than a flaw improves a jewel, and the best way is to handle the precious things so carefully that a crack shall be impossible. And when a breakage really comes, we are unable to advise the owner to be calm and indifferent, to be so much "mistress of herself, though china fall," as to cause the accident to be regarded as of no moment; but, on the contrary, to let it be plainly seen that damage has been done, that a serious loss has been sustained, and a few more such would be unbearable and ruinous, in order that more care may be exercised in the future, and some of her own spirit be caught by the duster and the dish-washer, even if she herself be neither.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A WELL-LIGHTED ROOM.

What a cheerful influence there is in a well-lighted room! It seems to give a different expression to each article of furniture, as it does to the countenance, bringing out the soft tints of the pictures and draperies, making eyes sparkle and rosy cheeks glow in its mellow rays, and reflecting brightness over all. On the other hand, what a depressing effect there is in a room dimly lighted! An atmosphere of gloom pervades everything. No one seems inclined to talk or work, and every one is literally cast in the shade, when often it may be remedied by a little more attention from the housekeeper. If kerosene is used, it may become muddy and the basin of the lamp requires emptying occasionally, or the chimneys need washing and wicks to be trimmed or the burners cleaned.

If the gas is poor and flickers, it is far better to use lamps for sewing or reading, as nothing can be more injurious to the eyes than attempting any work by a poor light. Whether it is a matter of economy or indifference is immaterial, but there are many rooms, where the family assembles in the evening, where the light is so dim and suggestive of a sick-room that it is a positive relief when a visit is over; and one can but wonder why people are so constituted that they cannot appreciate the advantage of a clear and shining light, which renders many a plain home attractive, and often brightens a gloomy hour in life.—*Good Housekeeper.*

RECIPES.

LEMON CAKES.—Quarter pound of butter, six ounces of flour, quarter pound of sugar, the grated rind of a lemon, the yolks of two eggs; beat the butter to a cream, add the sugar and lemon-rind, stir in the flour, and mix with the eggs; put in patty pans, and bake ten minutes.

PLAIN WAFERS.—Make butter-milk biscuit dough, only have it a little stiffer than you would for biscuit; roll it out, and cut butter into small bits; sprinkle over the dough, roll it up and work thoroughly. Roll thin and cut the size to suit the irons; bake a light brown. They are crisp and delicious, and make an appetizing addition to the tea-table.

APPLE MARMALADE.—Twelve pounds of sour apples, three pints of cold water, nine pounds of loaf sugar broken in small pieces; peel, quarter and core the apples, pour over them the cold water, and boil till they will beat to a smooth pulp, then add the sugar, and boil till the marmalade becomes perfectly firm; continual and brisk stirring is necessary, but no skimming; pour into pots, and when cold cover in the usual way.

LEMON MARMALADE.—To every pound of fruit add three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar. Pare the lemons, boil the peel in water till soft, then take out the white and pound the remainder in a mortar till quite fine, mixing with them a little of the juice; pass it all with the remainder of the juice through a sieve into a preserving pan; add the above quantity of sugar, boil it for half an hour or more till it sets, when cold, into a jelly; pour into jars and cover in the usual way.

PRUNE JELLY.—Soak a pound of prunes in a quart of water three hours. Drain them and strain the water in which you soaked them. Put it on the range with a pound of sugar and let it boil half an hour. Remove the stones from the prunes and put them into the boiling syrup and boil it up again. Soak half a box of gelatine into a little cold water, and stir it in the boiling prunes. Pour them into a mould wet with cold water and set them in a cold place to harden. Serve with sugar and cream.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—Rub two tablespoonfuls of butter to a cream, add two tablespoonfuls of flour and pour on slowly one and one-half cups of hot milk. Melt three ounces of grated chocolate with three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and three tablespoonfuls of hot water. Put the first mixture on to boil in a double boiler, add the chocolate and cook eight minutes. Remove from the fire, add the beaten yolks of five eggs and set away to cool. Half an hour before serving add the well-beaten whites and bake in a buttered dish about half an hour. Serve with one cup of cream, sweetened with two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and beaten till thick.

CURRY OF MUTTON.—Cook one onion, cut fine, in one heaping tablespoonful of butter till yellow; add two pounds of lean mutton, cut in small pieces, and when slightly brown cover and let it cook half an hour; add two teaspoonfuls of curry powder, one teaspoonful of salt, one saltspoonful of pepper and one tablespoonful of flour, wet with one-third of a cup of cold water; add one cup of stewed and strained tomato and simmer till tender. Just before serving add one heaping tablespoonful of grated cocoanut and serve with boiled rice. Mutton, lamb or veal are better for a curry than beef is, because this process of cooking toughens the beef.

PUZZLES.—No. 14.

SCRIPTURE EXERCISE.

Three men go each on a journey separately. Two are seeking that which, if found, they can neither eat, nor wear, nor sell, nor keep. The other seeks one who had not sought him in vain.

In one chapter we have the account of the start of all three, of the parting of two, of three meetings between two of the number, of ten commands given to or by one of the three, and of the return of one to his home.

Who were the three travellers? What were they in search of? What commands were given? Where was the home of one of them?

CHARADE.

The *first* belonged to the *second*,
The *second* belonged to the *third*;
And they all went away, and away,
Around the world, I have heard.

But the *second*, by aid of the *first*,
From lands where the *third* might come,
Sent specimens of *complete*
To the waiting friends at home.

And when they returned at last,
Like a homing carrier bird,
The *second* rushed off in haste.
And left the *first* on the *third*.

RIDDLE.

My sails are spread to catch the breeze,
And yet I skim no lakes nor seas,
The wind blows high, the wind blows low,
And I move with it swift or slow,
Yet fixed I stand, on solid land,
Just where I first was built and planned.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Where did a wilful prophet seek to fly
Across the stormy seas?
Who laid his plans for Mordecai to die
Pride and self-will to please?

What does the lowly Saviour bid us take
From him, and meekly wear?
We shall find rest, he says, and love will make
The burden light to bear.

When Mary bid the slaves her Son obey,
What did He bid them fill?
Who, though he saw the knife prepared to slay,
Obeyed his father's will?

Who pleased himself and chose a watered plain
Yet lost his goods by fire?
Who said, "I will the throne of God attain,"
And did to heaven aspire?

What prophet sullenly obeyed God's will,
But sought to gain his own?
Whose sons, reproved, were disobedient still,
Although to manhood grown?

Whose royal will did cunning princes bring
To pass a cruel law?
Who dared obey God's will, yet served his king?
(Elijah's face he saw.)

The early home of one who said of God,
"I come to do Thy will?"
The land whose self-willed king saw Moses' rod
The wrath of God fulfil?

These questions to God's will some reference bear.
And when replies are found,
Initials spell one sentence from a prayer
Of sweet, familiar sound.

CONUNDRUMS.

What bird does a rooster like best? A crow.

What is the difference between a blind man and a sailor in prison? One can't see to go, and the other can't go to sea.

If a fender and fire-irons cost ten dollars, what will a ton of coal come to? Come to ashes, of course.

What is the difference between a hill and a pill? One is hard to get up, and the other is hard to get down.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 13.

QUESTIONS ON THE TWO JAMESES.—(1) Matt. x. 2, 3; Luke vi. 14, 15; (2) Matt. iv. 21, 22; (3) Mark iii. 17; (4) Matt. xxvi. 37; Mark v. 37; (5) Luke ix. 55; (6) Matt. xx. 21; (7) Acts xii. 2; (8) Gal. i. 19; Jude i.; (9) 1 Cor. xv. 7; (10.) Mark xv. 40; (11) Acts xv. 13, Gal. ii. 9; (12) The Epistle of James.

BEHEADINGS.—V-end. K-not. K-ink. K-now. B-ore. F-are.

A BUSY DAY.—Gooseberries, raspberries, currant (current), pears (pairs), plum (plumb), strawberries.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

A	P	P	L	E	S.
P	I	A	Z	Z	A
P		E	R		U
L	I		L	A	C
E		R	I		E

The Family Circle.

THE FLINTY SQUIRE.

By the author of "An Unexpected Legacy," etc. etc., in the "Quiver."

THE WALK TO CHURCH.

"Oh, uncle! I'm so happy, I don't know what to do!"

And little Ella Crawford caressed the bony claw which she held between her two soft, dimpled palms, as she trotted along gaily and sunnily that lovely summer morning towards the village church.

"That's right," said the Squire, relaxing the stern set look which habitually dwelt on his face; "but are you always in such high spirits on your birthday?"

"Generally; but I never, never had such a grand present before—a whole sovereign! Why, I've been turning it over in my pocket, and weighing it in my hand, and looking at it a hundred times already!"

"And what are you going to do with it?"

"Oh, I've planned it all out. Mamma is to have a real Russia-leather blotting-book on her birthday—that's this day fortnight; and papa must have something, but I can't think what just now. Daisy must have a new hat, Jack a cricket-ball, and the baby new shoes."

"Dear me! that's a great many things to get with a sovereign!"

"Oh, but mamma will help me; she says she has to make a sovereign go such a long way. But that isn't all. There's the little flower-girl's mother, who looks so pinched and white. I go and read to her sometimes; and she's to have something—a shawl for her shoulders."

"Well, and what are you going to have?"

"Oh, all the pleasure of giving them; it will be delicious! I can see how delighted they will all be. If you don't mind, uncle," she went on, "I should like a little run. I am so excited—I can't walk."

And so she bounded off amongst the trees, returning again and again to fondle the hand of her uncle, who knew so little of the pleasure of love and unselfishness.

He was a stern man: that everyone in the village knew, from the rector downwards. He was a hard man, too: that his tenants could tell well enough.

And although he had such a grand hall, and such a beautiful park, and so many servants, the pleasures of life were few and far between, the cares and disappointments bitter and deep.

It was rather a mystery to the people at the Hall, that Ella was there, for the Squire had had no children to stay since his sister had brought her little family, four years ago; and then the Squire was heartily glad to get rid of them after their months' visit

The children cried at times, as children will do; they were noisy at others; they fidgeted their uncle; and the only one for whom the Squire had any liking was Ella, a child of seven, who was a quiet, loving child, and always found pleasure in sitting on the Squire's knee and going about with him, prattling the while in such a pleasant, garrulous way that she won his heart

True, he had almost forgotten her after their visit; but, hearing she had been poorly, he had written, a few weeks since, to his sister, and asked that she might come down to get the fresh air of the country, under the influence of which she had greatly revived.

He had not asked his sister, or her husband, or any of the children, to accompany Ella, nor had he the slightest desire to see them.

At length the little girl was sobered by her active exercise, and came and took the old man's hand again, and walked demurely by his side down through the park, along the little village street, to the tiny ivy-clad church.

As they walked through the churchyard, the group of villagers lingering about at the porch, discussing the last week's gossip, made their way into church; whilst the sexton was apprised that the Squire was approaching, and stopped the bell as he came into church.

"The Squire's mighty punctual this morning!" he remarked; "'tis only just on the stroke of the half-hour."

"Ah! he's got his little niece with him," remarked the clerk, "and looks an inch taller and two inches more lively than he generally does!"

The Squire was saying to Ella, as they came into the porch:

"Oh! I see it is a missionary sermon to-day, Ella. You will like to give something; so take this sovereign, and put it in the plate when it comes round."

It was a sore trial to Ella to keep her attention fixed on the service that morning. Her thoughts would stray to the golden coin in her pocket, and to the delights which that sovereign was to purchase for her loved ones.

She tried her very hardest, but her thoughts would wander.

How calm and beautiful everything was, she thought, as she glanced at the old church, with the sunlight streaming through the colored windows; how she liked to hear the villagers' voices singing! how strange it sounded to hear them sing "Even the *mune* by night!" How restful and pleasant it was, after the crowded church, with its over-dressed people, which she attended in town! Then her eyes rested on the clergyman sitting within the communion-rails in the chancel. "That's the missionary," she thought. What a fat, happy, good-natured-looking man he was! He was rather like her father—ah! she would give her father a flower-vase: he was so fond of flowers. Then came a reproving twinge of conscience as she found her hand circling that golden piece in her pocket.

But she soon became deeply interested in others beyond her own immediate sphere. The preacher was telling them of Madagascar, where he labored, and the cruel customs which prevailed there in regard to children. Children born on two particular days in the year, he said, were sacrificed to their fetishes, or false gods. The little babies were either drowned or buried alive, or placed in the gateway at the entrance to the village, and cattle driven in, so that they were trampled to death.

Then he told them of those who were being taught the glorious message of the Gospel; of men and women abandoning their belief in fetishes and forsaking their habits of cruelty for the love of Christ; of mothers bringing their little babies to be baptised into the religion of Jesus; and of the hope and joy which belief brought to many a burdened and stricken heart.

"We are trying," continued the missionary, "to raise a sum of ten thousand pounds for the building and endowment of a school for native boys and girls. I have now been in England nearly a year, and have to return in about a fortnight's time. So far, I have been able to collect five thousand pounds. It seems almost hopeless to expect to get the remainder in so short a space of time; but God is all-powerful, and it may be that even yet he will enable me to accomplish my purpose. If people only gave that which cost them something—if they made some real self-sacrifice, if they gave up some treasured project, or denied themselves something which appeared almost a necessity—I might even now succeed in my hopes: and if they only know the joy and peace which come from entire and whole-hearted surrender to the will of God—the peace which the world cannot give—they would be more ready to come forward and give, not only their offerings of money but their lives to God. What can be more glorious than seeking to save souls for our Master?"

During the sermon Ella's face had gradually deepened in thought as her attention became wholly fixed on the speaker.

Could a little one such as she help the work? she asked herself. It was, oh! such a beautiful work! Yes, her uncle had given her a half crown; that would do something. Then, when the question came of giving that which cost something, the shadow deepened on Ella's face. What could she give up?

There was only one thing in the whole wide world she remembered, and, with a sigh and a little gasp, the battle of self and self-surrender was fought out.

No, she could not do that; and her uncle might be displeased. That was out of the question; she put it from her. But the thought would come back again and again. When she got home she would do some work; she would make a collection for the cause. But the preacher had said, "To give up our best and dearest hopes; to ——"

Yes, she might give up her best and dearest hopes; and, oh! if God would accept it? If her heavenly Father saw and knew all about it, would it not be worth the sacrifice?

That day the churchwardens had a great surprise in the vestry.

A piece of paper lay in the plate; it was no less than £10!

"From the Squire," said Mr. Holmes.

"Why, he never gave more than one pound in his life," said Mr. Prior.

"Wonderful!" they both exclained in a breath.

"Why, there's a sovereign too!" cried Mr. Prior. "Who can have given that?"

Then they went over everyone in the church; for they knew all, and they could tell about what everyone would give; and no one was likely to give a sovereign.

No; they went over each name twice, but got no nearer. It was a mystery, and could not be solved; the more they thought, the farther off they seemed.

"A new sovereign, mark you!" said Mr. Holmes.

"It's a good one, I suppose?" asked his companion.

They struck it on the table.

"Good? I should think it is! It's got the true ring about it."

"Well, twelve pounds five shillings and sevenpence-halfpenny is the largest collection we ever had at this church," remarked Mr. Prior; "and I feel proud of it.'

THE WALK HOME.

The little groups of villagers who were congregated together, discussing the sermon and the latest news, stood deferentially aside as the Squire and his little niece left the church.

Ella no longer bounded along with the elasticity which she had displayed on their way to church; but, in place of it, a thoughtful expression had taken possession of her face.

She was thinking seriously, not sorrowfully, of her new sovereign.

"I'm so glad I gave it!" she was saying to herself; "so glad I could make up my mind to give it! 'Tis very little, after all; but it was a real sacrifice for the minute."

And though her mind would wander for an instant to the thought of the presents for her father, mother, and brother and sisters, yet each thought-sentence finished with "I'm so glad!"

Her reverie was broken by the Squire's voice.

"That was a very good sermon, Ella."

"Oh, very good; I never heard such a nice one before. I nearly cried when I heard of the poor little children who were so cruelly put to death. Isn't it dreadful, uncle! I hope the missionary will get all the money he wants."

"I trust he will. I gave ten pounds."

"Oh, you are good!" exclaimed the little girl. "Ten whole sovereigns!" she added, as if to bring more vividly before her mind the greatness of the sum.

"Yes; it seemed such a good cause that I certainly gave much more than I had intended."

"Ah, uncle!" she said softly, "you are one of those who deny themselves; and one of these days I'll try to be like you."

For a moment a conscious thrill of pleasure passed through the squire's heart. It hadn't occurred to him for years, that thought of denial for anyone's sake. He had had no one to deny himself for, and gradually his heart had become colder and sterner, and bleaker and drearier, until it seemed as if the treasures of love and joy and pity were to be stifled and put aside forever.

But this little girl was bringing back to him days when love for God and love for his mother were guiding principles in his life.

His pleasant thoughts ended in a vision of himself as he really was, and it troubled him much. Visions rose before his mind of Widow Jones, with her large family, who, after losing all the money her husband had left her by reason of the bad seasons and high rent, had received notice to quit from his agent last week; and of many a similar piece of crushing despotism which this little girl's words had brought before him.

So he was glad to turn to her and say—

"Well, have you thought of a present for your father?"

A shade of regret passed over the child's face ere she replied—

"No, uncle; indeed I haven't."

"Why, has he so many things that there isn't one you want to give him?"

"Indeed, no; only—"

"Only what?" said the Squire, seeing her hesitation.

"Well, uncle, I didn't wish to tell you, but I haven't got my sovereign now."

"What, lost it?"

"Oh no; not lost it. I gave it for the missionary school."

"What, your new sovereign?"

"Yes; and I'm so glad I was able to give it up? You see, it cost me something—a great deal at the time, really; but I'm so glad, because I'm a little like you now, uncle!"

And she was again the lively, loving Ella, skipping about and frisking along joyfully.

"You see, they won't miss what I was going to give them, because they didn't know it was coming; and I want some day to be good like you, uncle, and then I'll give ten pounds, if I have it."

But the Squire was very thoughtful walking home, very thoughtful, too, all day long, and at night.

The child had given all that she had for the love of Christ.

And he—what had he given?

So the days passed on, and the little girl grew dearer and dearer to him; and as he saw more into her unselfish little heart and heard more of her home-life, and of the pinches of poverty which they were experiencing, he softened towards this only sister, and the feelings of love which were not dead in his heart grew and revived.

A fortnight later, whilst his sister and her husband were sitting at breakfast, planning and contriving, as they often did, she was astonished to receive a letter in his almost forgotten handwriting, and on breaking the seal, read:

"DEAR EVELYN: I am very much enjoying Ella's visit, and hope you will not want her back for a long time, as she seems benefiting by the change.

"I learn, by accident, your birthday is at hand, and in remembrance of old times I want to give you a present. I can't tell what would be acceptable, but if you will spend the enclosed in the purchase of something I shall be glad.

"I really send it," he added, "in place of what Ella was intending to send you; so will you look upon it as her present."

"And what do you think the enclosure is?" she asked the husband.

"A cheque for five pounds!" he said, with a touch of satire in his voice.

"Five hundred pounds!"

To that struggling family it meant untold wealth.

And that was but the commencement of better times. Mrs. Crawford is now often at the Hall, and whenever the children want fresh air, they are there too; whilst at holiday times the Hall rings with the sound of merry voices.

But of all those who benefit by these things, the Squire is the chief gainer.

No one would recognize the kindly, pleasant, happy face of to-day, to be one and the same with that stern, suspicious countenance of two years ago.

But he knows to whom he is indebted for his happiness, and he fixes the date when the change took place, on a certain Sunday morning, when a child's one act of whole-hearted unselfishness wrought such a blessed alteration in his life.

* * * * * *

There is a certain missionary who is never tired of telling how, when, after a year's labor, he was still in want of the large sum of five thousand pounds, he received on the morning he was starting, from an anonymous donor, five one-thousand-pound notes in a registered envelope, and the only communication that accompanied them was a slip of paper, on which was written, "A Thank-offering." He has never had the slightest clue whence the gift came, and speaks of it as one of the many answers he has received to fervent and believing prayer.

THE WOMAN'S TEMPERANCE TEMPLE.

The temperance women and youths of Canada who are subscribing to the $100 being raised to erect in the new Temperance Temple a tablet to Mrs. Youmans, who has done so much for the temperance cause in Canada, will like to see a view of the great building itself. The *Scientific American* thus describes it:

On the 1st of November, 1890, the corner stone of a magnificent edifice was laid in Chicago, designed to be the home and headquarters of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, an institution which for many years past has exerted a vast influence for good in the rescue of victims of the rum-drinking habit. From a recent number of the *Union Signal* we take the accompanying engraving, showing this noble building as it will be when finished; and from an article in the same paper, by the president of the building association, Mrs. Matilda B. Carse, we glean the following particulars relative to the structure and the society to which it belongs:

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union was organized in Chicago in 1874. The operations of the Union became rapidly extended, and the necessity of a building became so apparent that in 1887 some of the prominent members formed an incorporated society under the title of the "Woman's Temperance Building Association," the purpose being the erection of a national building for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The project of the building was heartily endorsed at the national convention of the Woman's Temperance Union held at Nashville, 1887.

The financial plan of the building is as follows: The Temple will cost $1,000,000. Of this amount $600,000 has been raised in stock. It is to be bonded for $600,000 more, allowing a surplus of $100,000 for necessary expenses which will accrue before rentals are due. The stock has been subscribed by those favorable to the cause of temperance who are willing to accept five percent for the use of their money, allowing the W.C.T.U. the privilege of buying back the stock at par in five years or within twelve years.

The lot on which the Temple is built has a frontage of 190 feet on La Salle street, by 96 feet on Monroe. It is valued at $1,000,000. It is leased for two hundred years, without revaluation, at a rental of $40,000 a year. Burnham & Root are the architects. The style is French gothic. It is to be thirteen stories high, and will be used as an office building, with the exception of the rooms set apart as headquarters of the national, state, and city organizations, and a hall on the first floor, to be called "Willard Hall," in honor of the beloved leader and president, Miss Frances E. Willard. The hall will seat about seven hundred. It will have a separate entrance on Monroe street, and is to be memorial in its character, being lined with marble. Upon the walls will be inscribed the names of noble women and men, as well as societies, who have given $100 or over to the building fund. It will have memorial windows, and pedestals will support busts of illustrious persons who have lived and died for the cause of temperance. Memorial tablets will tell of the great and noble departed. From Willard Hall the incense of prayer will ascend every day in the year for the suppression of the liquor traffic and the salvation of the drunkard.

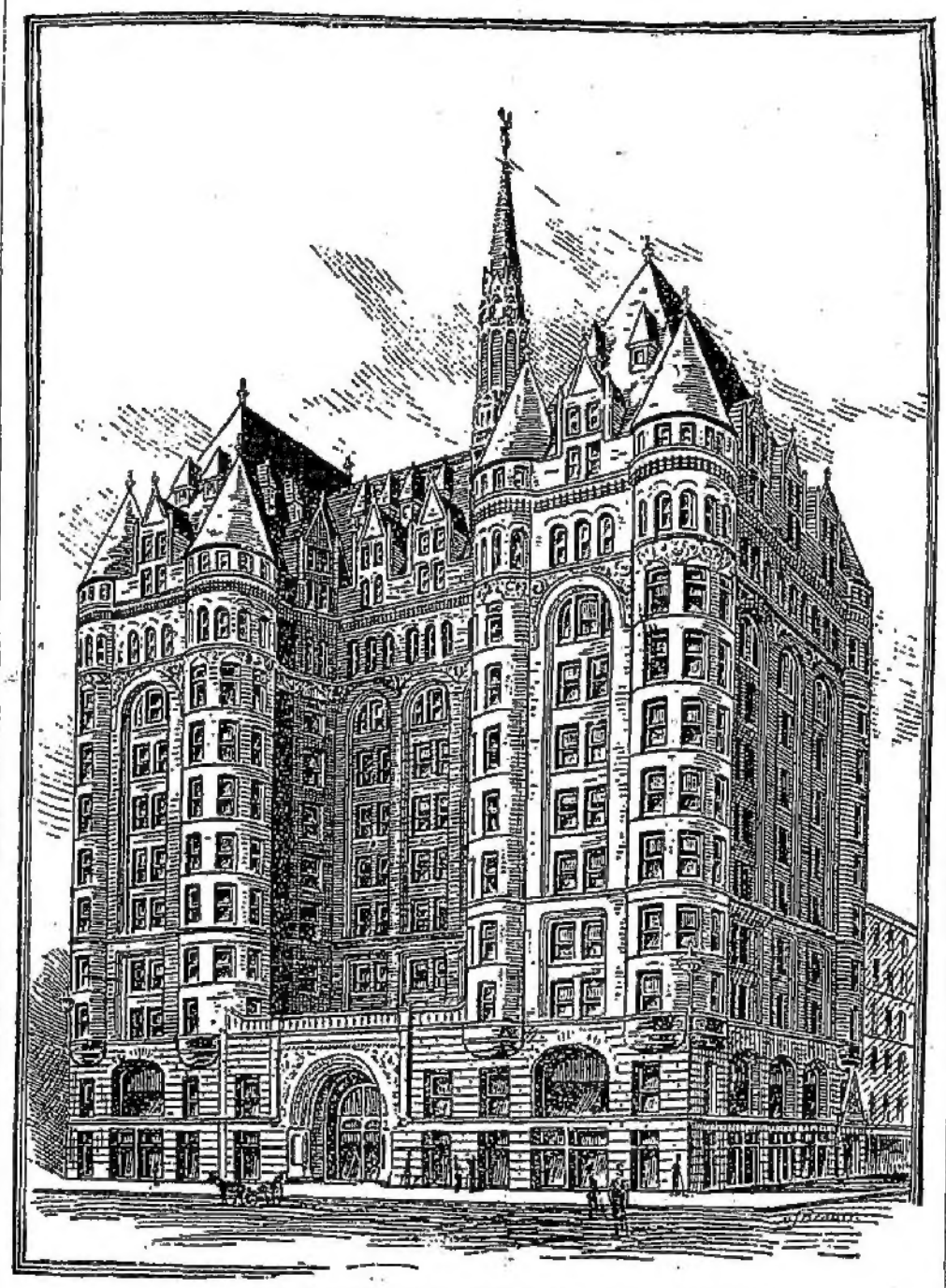
The building line at the tenth story retreats, and the immense roof, which contains three stories, commences breaking, as it ascends, into gothic turrets, from the centre of which springs a fleche of gold bronze seventy feet high, surmounted by the beautiful form of a woman, with face upturned and hands outstretched to heaven in prayer, symbolical of the attitude of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, as she protests against the laws and customs of the nation in regard to the liquor traffic, and appeals to God for help to save her home, children and land from its destroying power.

The Geo. A. Fuller Co. have contracted to have the building ready for occupancy in May, 1892. The rental of the building is estimated at $250,000 per annum.

It is hoped that in five years the Woman's Christian Temperance Union will come into full possession of the building. They have already given, and pledged in gifts to the building fund, about $200,000, and money and pledges are coming in daily with increased rapidity.

The temperance children of the land are greatly interested in building the Temple; a constant stream of small gifts is being received from them daily. Women of means are sending in gifts of $100, but the rank and file are only able to give small sums, and their efforts to raise even a small amount of money for the building are truly pathetic.

The *Union Signal* of Nov. 6 contains a full account of the corner stone ceremonies, which were of the most interesting nature.



THE WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION TEMPLE.

A DREAM OF CHRISTMAS EVANS.

Christmas Evans was announced to speak on Temperance at a certain meeting, and, as usual, people came from far and near to hear him. A certain minister in the neighborhood, Mr. W ——, of A ——, said at first he should not be present, for he anticipated a personal reference to himself, because he was not an abstainer, yet such was the fascination that he could not stay away. He came to the meeting late and crept into the gallery, where the preacher's eye, which had long been seaching for him, at length discovered him. Christmas Evans at once proceeded to say:

"I had a strange dream last night. I dreamt that I was in Pandemonium, the council chamber of Hades. How I got there I know not, but there I was. I had not been there long before I heard a thundering rap at the gates. 'Beelzebub! Beelzebub! you must come to earth directly.' 'Why, what's the matter now?' 'Oh! they are sending out missionaries to the heathen.' 'Are they? Bad news that. I'll be there presently.' Beelzebub rose, and hastened to the place of embarkation. He saw the missionaries and their wives, and a few boxes of Bibles and tracts, but on turning round he saw rows of casks piled up, and labelled gin, rum, brandy, &c. 'That will do,' said he, 'there's no fear yet. The casks will do more harm than the boxes will do good.' So saying, he stretched his wings and returned to his own place.

"After a time came another loud call. 'Beelzebub!' 'Yes.' 'They are forming Bible Societies now.' 'Are they? Then I must go.' He went, and found two ladies going from house to house distributing the Word of God. 'This will never do,' said he, 'but I will watch the result.' The ladies visited an aged woman, who received a Bible with much reverence and many thanks. Beelzebub loitered about, and when the ladies were gone saw the old woman come to her door, and look around to assure herself that she was unobserved. She then put on her bonnet, and with a small parcel under her apron, hastened to a public-house near, where she exchanged her Bible for a bottle of gin. 'That will do,' said Beelzebub with a grin, 'no fear yet,' and back he flew to his own place.

"Again a loud rap came, and a more urgent call. 'Beelzebub, you must come now, or all is lost! They are forming Teetotal Societies.' 'Teetotal! What is that?' 'To drink no intoxicating liquors!' 'Indeed! That is bad news. I must see to that.' He did, but soon went back again to satisfy the anxious inquiries of his legions, who were all on the *qui vive* about the matter. 'Don't be alarmed,' said he; 'it's an awkward affair, I know, but it won't spread much yet, for *all the parsons* are with us, and Mr. W ——, (here Christmas Evans' eye glanced like lightning at him), is at the head of them.'"

"But I won't be at the head of them any longer," cried Mr. W ——, and immediately walking down out of the gallery, he entered the table pew and signed the pledge.

"I CANNOT GET AWAY FROM GOD."

Not many years since a coachman was living in a gentleman's family near London. He had good wages, a kind master, and a comfortable place; but there was one thing which troubled and annoyed him; it was that his old mother lived in a village close by, and from her he had constant visits. You may wonder that this was such a trouble to him. But the reason was that, whenever she came, she spoke to him about Christ and the salvation of his soul.

"Mother," he at last said, "I cannot stand this any longer. Unless you drop that subject altogether, I shall give up my place and go out of your reach, where I shall hear no more of such cant."

"My son," said his mother, "as long as I have a tongue, I shall never cease to speak to you about the Lord, and to the Lord about you."

The young coachman was as good as his word. He wrote to a friend in the Highlands of Scotland, and asked him to find him a place in that part of the world. He knew that his mother could not write, and could not follow him; and though he was sorry to lose a good place, he said to himself,

"Anything for a quiet life."

His friend soon got him a place in a gentleman's stable, and he did not hide from his mother that he was glad and thankful to get out of her way.

You may think it was a pity she thus drove him to a distance. Would it not have been wiser to say less, and thus not lose the opportunity of putting in a word in season? But she believed, in her simplicity, that she was to keep the directions given her in the Word of God—that she was to be instant, not in season only, but also out of season.

The coachman was ordered to drive out the carriage and pair the first day after his arrival in Scotland. His master did not get into the carriage with the rest of the party, but said he meant to go on the box instead of the footman.

"He wishes to see how I drive," thought the coachman, who was quite prepared to give satisfaction. Scarcely had they driven from the door when the master spoke to the coachman for the first time. He said:—

"Tell me if you are saved?"

Had the Lord come to the coachman direct from heaven, it could scarcely have struck him with greater consternation. He simply felt terrified.

"God has followed me to Scotland," he said to himself. "I could get away from my mother, but I cannot get away from God!"

And at that moment he knew what Adam must have felt when he went to hide himself from the presence of God behind the trees in the garden. He could make no answer to his master, and scarcely could he drive the horses, for he trembled from head to foot.

His master went on to speak of Christ, and again he heard the old, old story so often told him by his mother. But this time it sounded new. It had become a real thing to him. It did not seem then to be glad tidings of great joy, but a message of terror and condemnation. He felt that it was Christ, the Son of God, whom he had rejected and despised.

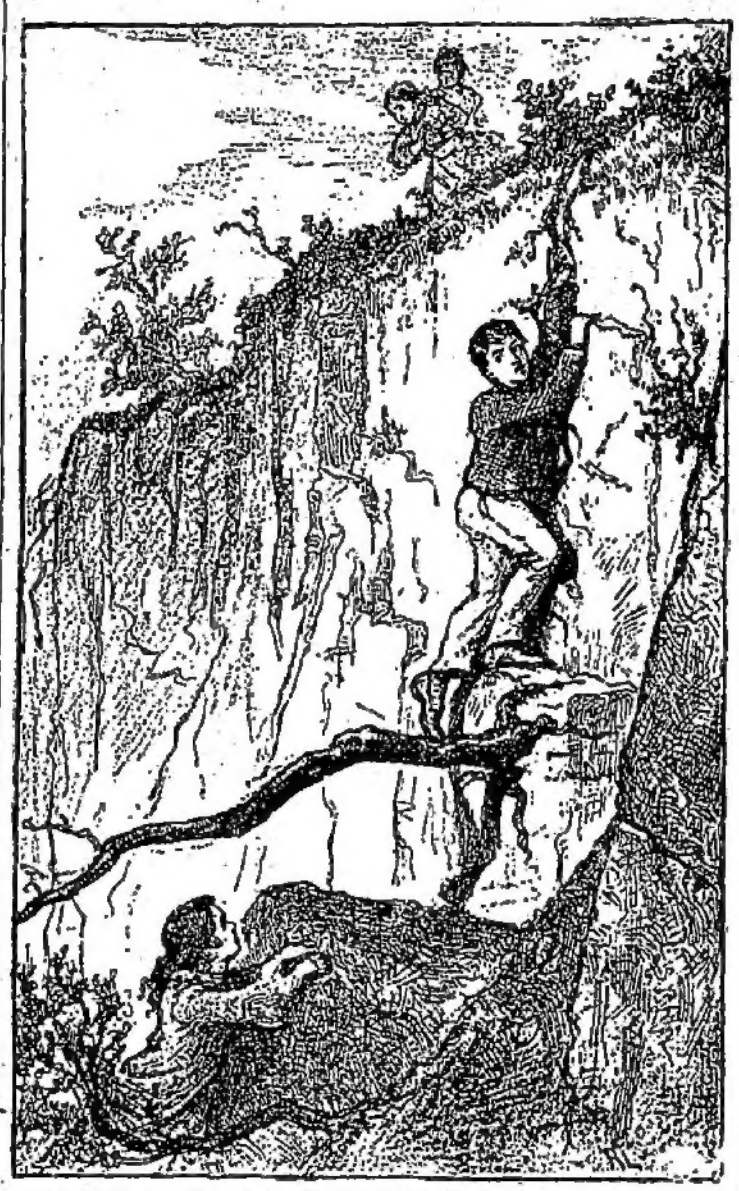
He felt for the first time that he was a lost sinner. By the time the drive was over, he was so ill from the terrible fear that had come upon him, that he could do nothing else. For some days he could not leave his bed; but they were blessed days to him. His master came to speak to him, to read the Word of God, and to pray; and soon the love and grace of the Saviour he had rejected became a reality to him, as the terror of the Lord had been at first.

He saw there was mercy for the scoffer and despiser, and he saw that the blood of Jesus is the answer before God even for such sin as his had been; and he now felt in his soul the sweetness of those blessed words, "We love him because he first loved us!"

He saw that Christ had borne his punishment, and that he who had tried to harden his heart against God and against his own mother was now without spot or stain in the sight of God, who so loved him as to give for him his only Son. The first letter he wrote to his mother contained the joyful tidings:—

"God has followed me to Scotland, and has saved my soul!"

"Whither shall I go from thy Spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost part of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."—*Watchword.*



Carefully, hand over hand, clinging to the bushes, and swinging himself from one point to another.

BREAKFAST FOR TWO.

(*By Joanna H. Matthews.*)

CHAPTER VIII.—*Continued.*

With her little skirt full of spoils, our Daisy, herself the sweetest flower among them, seated herself upon a mossy rock, the while Milly still gathered the ferns, which grew in profusion all around this spot. Peeping around a clump of bushes, she saw a quantity of maiden-hair, and, beyond this, some climbing ferns of a variety unusual in these parts.

"O! here is some beautiful maiden-hair, darling," she said to Daisy. "Sit still there, and I will bring some for you and for myself."

It was not ten feet from Daisy, and to all appearance, the child was perfectly safe where she sat; and, being the most conscientiously obedient little maiden, she was to be trusted to sit still if told to do so.

Stooping to gather the maiden-hair, Milly heard the slightest possible rustle in the clump of bushes, and, as she rose and turned her head in the direction whence the sound came, a pair of bright, saucy eyes gleamed at her from among the foliage, and, after the first moment's start of surprise, she saw herself face to face with—the ubiquitous Jim.

"Jim!" she said, "how came you here? I thought you had gone home!"

"Did start for it, Miss Milly, but I didn't jest know the way, an' though I reckon I could ha' foun' it, I wasn't goin' on jest to be nagged by the ole woman. She'd ha' said I'd been sent on in a scrape 'fore the others; so I came up here, an' was goin' to foller the great waggon home when it started. I reckon Mrs. Prescott's fellers an' the rest would ha' taken me home, for they didn't set no such count by them stuck-up gals, an' thought it was good enough for 'em."

Evidently he was in no penitential frame of mind; and Milly felt that the time and place had not yet arrived when she might successfully impress him with a sense of his short-comings, or with the conviction that he was not the one to take justice into his own hands.

Now if there was one failing which our Milly had, it was that of curiosity. She must know the why and the wherefore, the how and the when, of everything that concerned her. Not that she was over-prying or meddling, but she had a laudable thirst for knowledge; and, in matters like this, she naturally "wanted to know." And here was a good opportunity; there was no one near to accuse her of encouraging the boy by manifesting too lively an interest in his pranks.

"Jim," she said, endeavoring to preserve an appearance of calm severity, "how did you happen to know those young ladies were in the ice hut?"

"Tricked 'em inter it my own self," answered Jim, with the broadest of grins.

"But how?" questioned Milly. "They said they found the door open, but saw no one. They did not suspect you, but—" reproachfully—"I did, Jim."

"Yes, Miss Milly, I seen you did," said Jim, with answering reproach in his eye, and in an *Et tu Brute?* tone of voice.

"And I was right, you see," said his young mistress, striving for that austerity which it was proper, under the circumstances, to maintain.

"Well, yer see, Miss Milly, I'd gone up there a-lookin' roun', an' I was roun' the ice house, a-pullin' a lot of that pooty vine with the star-like flowers yer like so much, an' fust thing I see was them gals a-climbin' up the rocks. I knew it more'n likely they'd go pokin' an' pryin' where they hadn't no business to, an' all of a sudden it came to me how I could catch 'em an' keep 'em from botherin' Miss Allie an' the rest of the folks any more. I seen the key of the ice house a-hangin' alongside the door, so I jest takes it down, unlocks the door, and sets it a little way open; and, sure enough, jest as I counted on, they comes on, an' sees the door open, an' in they goes ter see what they could see, an' me a-peekin' behind the bushes roun' the corner, an' the minit they was fairly in, I claps to the door, locks it and had 'em fast all in the dark!"

This device he evidently considered as the climax of generalship, and he looked triumphantly at Milly, as if expecting admiration for his acuteness, even though she might disapprove of the object he had attained.

But before she had time to speak and express her views either way on the matter, a startling interruption drew them both from the subject.

A frightened exclamation from Daisy: "Milly, O Milly! come quick!" and closely following that, almost in the same breath, a long, despairing, agonized shriek, a cry which none of those who heard it have forgotten to this day, certainly none who loved our pet Daisy.

Milly, followed by Jim, sprang around the clump of bushes which had, for a moment, hidden the child from her sight, and saw—Oh, she did not see Daisy! The treasures of ferns and mosses which her beauty-loving eyes had spied, and her eager little hands had gathered, lay at the foot of the rock, where she had been sitting, and from there to the very edge of the precipice, which was, perhaps, some five feet distant; but Daisy was gone!

As the horrible thought of the deep waters and cruel rocks beneath flashed upon her, Milly sank faint and gasping upon the ground.

But Jim, naturally less overcome, sprang to the edge of the precipice, and, grasping a small tree to secure and steady himself, peered over the edge into the depths below.

"She's there, Miss Milly, she's there!" he exclaimed. "She's holdin' on—she ain't fell inter the water yet, an' I'll get her up, see if I don't, or else me an' her will be drownded together."

Even while he spoke he was swinging himself over the edge of the steep by the aid of the sapling, and had disappeared from view before any of those who had been recalled to the spot by Daisy's shriek had reached the scene. We took it all in without the need of words, when we came; the child missing, Milly's white, horror-stricken face, her despairing eyes fixed upon the spot where Daisy had slipped over, the scattered ferns and mosses; and, terrible witness of what had happened, the long mark upon the mossy stone, showing where the little feet had slid.

Those who had nerve to look over the precipice, saw, some twelve feet below, our Daisy clinging to a bush, which had caught her dress, and arrested her downward progress, her little lovely face upturned with a mute, piteous appeal for help. The bush to which she clung was gradually giving way, uprooted by her weight. Would it hold until the boy reached her? Or, having reached her, could he rescue her, and bring her up again? Those who looked shuddered as they gazed, and their hearts sank within them at the slight ground there was for hope. Prudence forbade that the gentlemen who were with us should try to reach the child, fears on her account and that of the boy more than for themselves; the displacing of a stone, a bush, a weed, by their greater weight, might send both or all to destruction. There was not a shawl among us, nothing, it seemed, of which a rope might be made to assist Jim when he reached Daisy—if he ever did—when it suddenly occurred to me that we girls could take off our white skirts, and tear them into strips for that purpose.

Carefully, hand over hand, clinging to the bushes, and swinging himself from one point to another, nearing Daisy with each move, and speaking encouraging words to her, the boy went on:

"Jim's a comin', Miss Daisy, darlin'; now hold on like a good feller, and don't yer move. I'll get yer yet, an' won't let yer go, neither. Jest yer hold on."

He reached, at last, a little gnarled pine tree which had managed to thrust its roots into a crevice of the precipice, and grew nearly at right angles with it; and, creeping out upon this, he laid himself full length upon the trunk, stretched out his arm, and, while the spectators held their breath, by an almost superhuman effort of strength, clutched Daisy's clothes, and, bidding her loosen her hold of the bush, drew her up to him.

And now it was evident that the pine tree would not bear the weight of both, for as Jim had crept to the furthermost branches, he had bent it from its line, and it was already resisting the strain, and creaking painfully with the double burden it bore.

But, with an agility and suppleness worthy of a trained acrobat, the boy made his way backwards over the swaying tree, still holding his precious charge with one arm, and bidding her cling about his neck. Relieved from the excessive strain, the tree returned to its original position, and Jim now paused for breath before he essayed the task of climbing the face of the precipice with his little burden.

Now the improvised rope came into play, and, being let down to Jim, he grasped it with his free hand, and wound it several times around his arm. Then, with only this frail strand between them and death, they were drawn upwards, Jim planting his feet as cautiously as possible, and bearing as little weight as might be upon the rope, until Frank Winston's arm grasped our little treasure, and gave her safe into mine; while Mr. Lawrence seized Jim, and fairly hugged him.

Who had any thought for Jim's short-comings or saucy tricks now? He was a hero, and had not only shown an unselfish courage of which any grown man might have been proud to boast, but also a presence of mind and forethought which were wonderful in such a crisis. No one had any mind now to punish or even reprove him for his misconduct to the Ainslie girls; that was all forgotten; and—there could be no doubt about it—Jim had made himself quite the star of the occasion. I am not sure that Frank Winston, our boys, and some others, did not think that he had added to his laurels by his treatment of those girls, and privately signified the same to him.

Nevertheless, he did not pride himself to any great extent upon the feat he had achieved, saying:

"Why, I had to get her up; there warn't nobody but me to do it! Yer didn't s'pose I was goin' to let our Miss Daisy be drownded or killed to bits on them rocks, did yer?"

Daisy had not brought herself into such a fearful position by any temerity or wilful disobedience on her own part. When she was sufficiently recovered to give an account of herself, she said that she had been sitting quite still, playing with her ferns, when a slight noise or movement, she could hardly tell which, among the bushes behind which Milly stood made her turn her head, and she saw a large snake glide out from them, and come crawling over the rocks towards her. Now a snake was an object of great terror and detestation to Daisy. She would not even look at a picture of one, but would shut a book quickly and push it from her if she came upon such.

Starting from her seat at the sight of this object of her dread, and with no thought of the great danger which threatened her, or the orders she had received not to stir, she darted forward to seek safety at Milly's side, but, taking no heed to her steps, her little feet slipped upon the treacherous mossy rock, she fell, rolled, tried to recover herself, but slipped again, this time over the edge of the precipice.

And now, as may be supposed, whatever lingering prejudices might have existed in dear mother's breast were swept away. When she heard of Daisy's peril, and the almost miraculous way in which she had been rescued, she no longer entertained any doubts as to the result of Milly's "quixotic experiment." Jim might now have asked her even to the half of her kingdom and it would not have been refused.

(To be Continued.)

KITTY'S PRESENT.

A parcel came one day lately for "Kitty," and in it—besides more necessary things—was a tiny pair of kid gloves! Such an unheard-of piece of magnificence, of course, caused great excitement in the orphans' play-room. Kitty proudly struggled into her gloves on Sunday morning, and walked off to church with the other children, feeling grand indeed. Her "partner" in the two-and-two procession looked piteously at her, and whispered:

"Oh, I wish one glove were mine, you've got two and I haven't any."

Kitty being very soft-hearted, soon dragged off one glove and bestowed it on the other child, and they arrived at church each with one elegant grey kid hand, and both with beaming faces.

These gloves are now produced every Sunday, and Kitty lends them by turns to all who can get into them, and it is still considered an immense treat to have even one of them for a while.—*Sunday-School Paper.*

TICK TOCK.

"Tick Tock! tick tock!"
Says the clock—"half-past three."
"Tick tock! tick tock!"
"Half-past three" still we see!
It must be the hands are caught,
That is why it tells us naught,
Tho' it ticks and ticks along
As if there were nothing wrong!
"Tick tock!"

"Tick tock! tick tock!"
Many a word, many a word,—
"Tick tock! tick tock!"—
Just as useless, I have heard.
These—the folks who tell us naught—
Ah! perhaps their hands are caught!
'Tis the busy ones that know
Something worth the telling. So
"Tick tock! tick tock!"

—*Maria J. Hammond, in St. Nicholas.*

AS THE SOIL, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture; so the mind without cultivation can never produce good fruit.—*Seneca.*

MORALITY without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning—an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have to run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.—*Longfellow.*

An Alphabet of Workers.
A is for artist, working in oil;
B is for blacksmith, hard at his toil;
C is for coachman, driving a pair;
D is for doctor, with no time to spare;
E is for engraver engraving a pig;
F is for fiddler, playing a jig;
G is for gardener, tending his crops;
H is for hop-picker picking his hops;
I is for ice-man harvesting ice;
J is for jeweller selling things nice;
K is for knitter knitting for me;
L is for lawyer, making a plea;
M is for milliner, trimming a hat;
N is for newsboy, bright little lad;
O is for organist, skilled in his art;
P is for pedagogue, acting his part;
Q is for quilter, stitching away;
R is for ragman, crooked and gray;
S is for shepherd, with flocks to lead;
T is for trooper, riding with speed;
U is for upholsterer, cushioning chairs;
V is for vender, calling his wares;
W is for watchman, patrolling a fort;
X is for xystarch, in charge of the court;
Y is for yachtman, caught in a squall;
Z is for zealot most earnest of all;

BREAKFAST FOR TWO.

(By Joanna H. Matthews.)

CHAPTER IX.—THE ESCAPE.

There must have been a special Providence about us in these days, as in more ways than one "the bread cast upon the waters"—so almost unconsciously, and often reluctantly—was returned to us in "full measure, pressed down and running over."

It was not long after the picnic, that day of adventures and mishaps, and yet of so much for which we had cause for gratitude, that father came back one morning after he had started on his daily round of inspection about the place, and, putting his head in at the door of the library, where Milly and I were sitting, said:

"Girls, tell your mother not to let the children go outside of the gates to-day. Peter has just told me that that bull of Forman's has broken loose and is roving about. He is very fierce and wild, and until he is caught and locked up it will not be safe for the little ones to go upon the road, even with their nurses. Keep your wild Bedouins out of this, too, Milly, if you can, for if they fall in with him, they will chase him and may come to mischief."

There was not the least desire in the heart of any of the family to venture beyond the supposed safe enclosure of our own grounds after hearing this, least of all within those of Allie and Daisy. "That bull of Forman's" was a terror to every child and woman in the neighborhood, and all took care to keep out of his way. He had been complained of more than once as a dangerous, mischievous brute, and his owner had been compelled to confine him, not only out of consideration for the public safety—I do not know that that had much weight with Forman, who was about as ill-conditioned a creature as the animal himself—but also out of regard for the security of his own property, as many and various threats had been made by those who had been injured or terrified by the bull.

Allie and Daisy were in mortal fear of him, and since the early summer, when they had heard of some of his exploits, it had been almost impossible to persuade them to walk past the barn where he was kept, and whence his angry bellowing could be heard for a long distance. Therefore a walk on the road or anywhere beyond what they considered a safe distance from home, had no charms for them when they heard he was abroad; and with dolls, books and toys they went, a contented, happy little pair, to spend the morning in the garden, secure, as they and we thought, from all possibility of harm. Wand, as usual, bearing them company.

Wand had continued to grow in favor, not only with these his first and firm friends, but even with those who had formerly been opposed to him. Bill and Jim, of course, were devoted to him; and when he could not be with the little girls, whose society he preferred to all others, he was usually to be found with them. They had taught him numerous droll tricks, and although, when in more select society, he was a sedate, decorous, gentlemanly dog, he became, when with them, the wildest of romps. Still, he never lost his innate sense of propriety. "Sounds of revelry by night" had disturbed the family on the preceding evening, proceeding from the attic room, occupied by the boys; and, on investigation into the source of the uproar, it was found that they had decoyed Wand into the house—a thing never allowed—and up into their room where they were indulging in all manner of wild antics, and striving to incite Wand to join in them. But, lying close to the floor, with his head upon his paws, Wand declined any participation therein, as was discovered by Edward, when he came upon the scene unheard and unseen, and looked in upon the antics of the boys. Wand lay like a stone, apparently conscious that he was upon forbidden ground, and that the boys were inciting him to unlawful sport, and watching them with disapproving eyes. The dog was, of course, the first to discover the presence of the intruder; and rising, he walked up to him with an air of conscious virtue, as one who should say:

"There! you see, I have resisted temptation, and have fulfilled the duties of my station."

His claim was acknowledged, and he was praised; while the boys were reprimanded, and bidden to remember that the house was not the place for such proceedings.

The dog was therefore in high favor this morning with the little girls, and was petted and caressed accordingly.

"What shall we have Wand for, this morning?" said Daisy. "He ought to be something partic'lar nice, 'cause he was so very good last night."

"Let's play that he's a gentleman come to see us, and that he has so much thinking to do he hardly ever has time to speak a word;" answered Allie, looking at the dog, who sat up preternaturally grave and wise, and as if he were indeed engaged in deep and profitable meditation.

"O yes, that will be very real and nice," said Daisy, approvingly. "Gentlemen who do that way never give any trouble to their wives or the people they go to see. They are a great deal better than gentlemen who have too much to say."

Wand, himself, made no objection to this arrangement, but passively assumed the character assigned to him, albeit it was an unobtrusive one; and for a long time the play went happily on, the little girls "making b'lieve family," while the gentleman who was to do so much thinking, sat contentedly watching them, and adding his share to the entertainment.

As the morning passed on, the air, which had been cool in the earlier hours of the day, grew rather oppressively warm.

"O how warm I am! I'm just roasted, and I'm going to take off my jacket!" said Daisy, by-and-by; at the same time pulling off her little sacque, and throwing it from her upon the grass.

But this did not at all meet the views of Allie, who was a remarkably neat and orderly child, particular in all her ways.

"O don't throw your jacket on the grass, it might be hurt; besides, it don't look so very nice in our house. It might make people think we did not housekeep very well," she said.

"Let's give it to Mr. Wanderer to take to the house for us. He'll understand if we tell him, and he's a very obliging gentleman, pretend, and always likes to do errands for the ladies he goes to see."

So this very accommodating visitor was requested to carry the little jacket to the house; and, as Allie had said he would do, understanding very well, he walked solemnly away with it.

He had been gone but a moment when a strange noise was heard by the children, who with one accord dropped their toys, startled and wondering, and turned to look inquiringly at one another. There was a noise as of shouting and calling by many voices; but, above all this, there was borne to their ears another sound, a low but deep and distinct roar. They had never heard the like before, and could not tell what it was; but it alarmed them very much, it was so terrible, and, even to their unaccustomed ears, so threatening.

"Run, run! let's run, Daisy!" said Allie, seizing her little sister by the hand, and trying to draw her on. "Let's run to the house and tell mother as quick as we can."

But Daisy was too frightened to stir. She stood like one paralyzed, and Allie could not move her. And really neither knew which way it would be best to run; the whole air seemed to be filled with that strange, deep grumble. So they stood still, clinging to one another, trembling and pale, as the uproar came nearer and nearer.

It was close at hand now, that deep, angry bellow, the shouts of pursuing men and boys; and suddenly, with a louder, more furious roar, a great bull, Forman's bull—even in the midst of their terror the poor babies recognized the creature—goaded to fury by the chase, and seeking some victim on which he might wreak his vengeance, leaped the hedge which separated our lawn from the public road and stood within the enclosure, facing the trembling little children.

He stood one instant looking about him with glaring, angry eyes, foaming mouth, and lashing tail; pawing the ground as he stood, and tearing up the smoothly shaven lawn, while he looked around for something on which to vent his rage. Then his bloodshot eyes fell upon the two terrified, helpless little ones.

God's angels watch and guard them now, for no human help is at hand! No, although loving eyes have spied the danger, although feet that feel as though weights are tied to them are now speeding to the spot.

For the noise had been heard within the house—all the mingled uproar of shouts, cries and curses; and to us, too, had come that deep, muttering bellow, unmistakable to any who have once heard the voice of an angry bull; and the first thought which crossed the mind of one and all had been the children.

Allie and Daisy—where were they? There was no fear that they had wandered beyond the proscribed limits, for they were never disobedient, or, at least, not to an extent that would have incited them to transgress such a direct command; and we knew also that their own fears would have prevented this. The gates, too, had been, by father's orders, kept shut all the morning; but, even so, were our darlings safe?

Books, work and music were cast aside in haste, as the different members of the family rushed to the windows and piazza, whence they saw the enraged animal coming down the road, the crowd in pursuit; he every now and then facing about and charging with lowered head, the crowd scattering in every direction; then turning and rushing forward again, when his pursuers would close behind him once more with renewed threats and yells.

Then, before any one had time to go and bring in the children, whom we saw standing terror-stricken, the fierce creature made a rush towards our hedge, and with one bound cleared it, and was close upon our darlings. The next instant he stood ready for a charge.

Where could help come from ere it was too late?

But God's messengers are sometimes the despised things of earth; those to whom we would least look for help.

There was a rush, a sharp, short bark, and, passing all who were hastening to the rescue, swift as the wind came poor Wand, his eyes, too, seeing the danger, his loving, grateful heart, with no fear for himself, eager only to defend his little friends, those who had befriended him in his hour of need.

In one instant he had passed them; and, as the bull made his rush, he was between him and the little ones. With a spring he fastened upon the nose of the furious creature, checking his advance, and bringing him to his knees, through the intense pain of the grip; and desperately he held on, despite the frantic efforts of his enemy to shake him off, until a man had leaped the hedge, and with a well directed pistol shot, stretched the bull dead upon the ground.

Who could tell of mother's thanksgiving as she held her darlings safe and unharmed, saved as by a miracle, through the courage and devotion of the poor waif so kindly cared for, but once so unwelcome? Who could describe the petting and tenderness and sweet words lavished by little hands, and baby voices upon faithful, courageous Wand? Who tell of the praises bestowed upon him by the elder members of the family, the triumph of Bill and Jim, that their four-footed companion had acquitted himself so well? Who need tell of the care with which his broken leg was set, and his bleeding wounds bound up? For he had not escaped unhurt in the encounter, and still bears the marks of the fray, honorable scars, which are pointed out to strangers as proofs of his valor and self-devotion.

Did not mother herself, "dreadful dog disliker" though she was, as Daisy says, forgetting all that dislike in her gratitude to him, insist that he should be brought into the house, and there make much of him, patting and tending and caressing him; and when he was able to limp about once more, making him her own special pet, letting him come and go as he would, free at all times to all places?

"Bread cast upon the waters!" the care and kindness shown to the poor vagabond puppy had truly been gathered "after many days," by grateful hearts, and not forgotten when the harvest was past.

(To be Continued.)

FOUND FRIENDS.

Not long ago I stood by the death-bed of a little girl. From the first she had been afraid of death. Every fibre of her body and soul recoiled from the thought of it. "Don't let me die," she said; "don't let me die! Hold me fast! O, I can't go!"

"Jennie," I said, "you have two little brothers in the other world, and there are thousands of tender-hearted people there who will love you and take care of you."

But she cried out despairingly—"Don't let me go; they are strangers over there."

She was a little country girl, strong limbed, fleet of foot, tanned in the face. She was raised on the frontier; the fields were her home. In vain we tried to reconcile her to the death which was inevitable. "Hold me fast," she cried; "don't let me go."

But even as she was pleading, her little hands relaxed their clinging hold from my waist, and lifted themselves eagerly aloft, with such a straining effort that they lifted the wasted little body from its reclining position among the pillows. Her face was turned upward, but it was her eyes that told the story. They were filled with the light of Divine recognition. They saw something plainly that we did not see; and they grew brighter and brighter, and her little hand trembled in eagerness to go where strange portals had opened upon her astonished vision. But even in that supreme moment she did not forget to leave a word of comfort for those who would gladly have died in her place.

"Mamma," she was saying, "mamma, they are not strangers; I'm not afraid."

And every instant the light burned more gloriously in her blue eyes, till at last it seemed as if her soul leaped forth upon its radiant waves, and in that moment her trembling form relapsed among the pillows, and she was gone!—*Mrs. Helen Williams.*

THE OLD MAN SINGING PSALMS.

BY MRS. FINDLEY BRADEN.

Each night he sits before the fire, with silvered
head bent low,
And tries to sing the good old tunes he learned
so long ago.
"That man hath perfect blessedness who walketh
not astray
In counsel of ungodly men nor stands in sinners
way."

Straying never
From the right,
Walking ever
In the light,
Perfect blessedness he knows,
As he onward, upward goes.

So weak his voice, it does not wake the grand-
child on his knee:
He is as the alone with God, he seems no face to
see,
"The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want, He
makes me down to lie
In pastures green, he leadeth me the quiet
waters by."

He has led him
'Long the way,
Amply fed him
Every day.
All around him pastures green,
Simply on his staff to lean.

But stronger grow the palm-tunes now, his heart
is in each word:
As clear and sweet each melody, as ever mortal
heard!
'I waited for the Lord my God, and patiently did
bear:
At length to me he did incline, my voice and cry
to hear."

God still hears him,
Noon or night,
And it cheers him,
Makes life bright.
Trusting, hopeful to the end,
Will his prayers to Heaven ascend.

But soon his grandchild half awakes, with sudden
start and sigh,
He rocks her gently in his arms, this psalm for
lullaby:
"I to the hills will lift mine eyes, from whence
doth come mine aid:
My safety cometh from the Lord, who heaven and
earth hath made."

Dim eyes lifting
To the hills;
Earth's scenes shifting—
Gone life's ills!
God has kept him in his care,
Quiet comfort is his share.

Once more the child is fast asleep, lulled by each
quaint old line.
To echo clear to Slumberland, the tune and
words combine.
"My heart not haughty is, O Lord, mine eyes not
lofty be;
Nor do I deal in matters great, or things too high
for me."

He is lowly,
Good and kind,
Wandering slowly,
Almost blind,
He is like a little child—
Always loving, meek and mild.

But now the old man droops his head upon an
honest breast,
He softly croons these last lines out, while cheek
to cheek is prest:
"Goodness and mercy all my life shall surely
follow me,
And in God's house forever more my dwelling-
place shall be."

Eighty-seven
His mile-stone,
A home in heaven,
Soon his own.
He is only waiting now
For a crown upon his brow.

—*N. Y. Observer.*

SOLON.

Raoul and Rene are two dear little men. Raoul is nearly ten years old, and his brother seven and a half. Their father is a clergyman in a town, and they live in a large house, from one side of which they perceive a prison, and sometimes between the bars of a small window the head of a miserable prisoner. This sight naturally affected Raoul when he was yet little more than a baby, and as he was a pious child, he began early to pray for the prisoners.

I believe that Raoul has always been pious. His parents at his birth had consecrated him particularly to God, and the blessing has settled on him. He has his faults, and is a real boy. But he has often been ill, and his intelligent trust in God, his patient endurance, his calm, firm, and simple faith are as striking as in much older Christians.

Rene is more material. However, a few months ago he told his mother that now he had given himself to Christ, and proved in several instances that he perfectly understood the meaning of this act. One day that they were both of them inclined to rebellion, Rene said suddenly, "But I belong to Christ; I must obey. Let us obey, Raoul!" which was done at once. They are praying boys, and it is a pleasure to assist at their evening worship, they sing so sweetly and so heartily. I never met children of their age who know so many hymns.

But we must return to the prisoners. Raoul has been so persevering in praying for them that some Christians in the town are sure that his petitions have greatly contributed to open the prison. Formerly it was inaccessible to every one; now it is allowed to go in to evangelize those poor sinners, and a work of grace has begun there. One rich gentleman, Mr. L —— takes particular interest in it, and has besides founded an asylum for the liberated prisoners, where he provides them with a home, some work, and all the encouragement that he can. A certain Solon has given him trouble during many years. Apprehended for theft, and repeatedly imprisoned, as soon as he was let loose he began afresh. Nothing seemed to have any effect upon him. But he had always been so wretched. A father he had never known; his mother, a very bad creature, had cast him off almost as soon as he could walk. When a boy of about fourteen, someone having told him where she was, he walked many miles to find her. She said, "Yes, I remember naming one of my children Solon, and I dare say it was you. But I don't want you now." And she sent him off with violent threats. He never knew a home nor what it was to be loved. When out of prison he used to sleep in an old barrel under a bridge.

This man Mr. L —— recommended to Raoul's prayers, and there he was remembered with compassion. How often, when it was Rene's turn to pray, have I heard his brother whisper to him, "*Do not forget* Solon!" This during years. At last one day the children said, "Mamma, we have prayed so long for Solon, do you not think that we ought now to begin to thank? God must have heard us." Their mother having assented, they used to say, "O God, we have now prayed thee so many years for Solon. If thou hast converted him, as we believe, we thank thee very much." They did not know that he had had a fresh relapse, and was in prison; they had never seen him.

A few weeks later their mother met Mr. L —— walking with a most disreputable-looking man, in appearance about fifty. He stopped her, saying, "Oh, Madam ——, God has given us such a great joy! We are so happy!" "Indeed!" said Madam ——, with a side-glance at his sinister companion, "it is Solon, perhaps?" "Yes, Solon, now a child of God, as we truly hope. Raoul's prayers are answered." Madam H —— lost no time in carrying the good news to her sons, who capered round the room for joy at the confirmation of their hopes. Often in the days that followed they repeated, "Solon is converted." Once during Divine service Solon was heard to sob, and on being afterwards asked the motive, he answered: "Oh, sir, I am so unhappy when I think that the clothes which I wear have all been stolen. They seem to burn me. If I could once have something on of my own! I fear it may be a long time yet till I earn enough money to buy myself some clothes." That same afternoon our boys were saying to their mother: "Mamma, dear, we have some money of our own, you know; we should so much like to make a present to Solon. May we?" "Yes," was the answer. "We shall go to a shop to-morrow, and afterwards to the timber yard where he works."

During spring and summer, which they always spend in the country, the boys earn a few sous in weeding, doing some commissions for mamma, &c. These little profits of their very own are given with great pleasure for the missions. Just now they had a few francs left. Thus, on the Monday they went out with mamma, and there was enough to buy a good striped shirt and a blue handkerchief for Solon's neck, to which Madame H —— added a pair of worsted stockings. Then with their parcel they set off for the timber-yard, where they were to see him for the first time. It was a touching meeting, for the two children, as if or because Solon was an old friend, immediately kissed him, and put their little arms round his neck. Then Rene jumped round him, saying, "Oh, Solon, Solon, I have known you since five years." He said: "I have known thee," according to the French custom, which is to use *tu* with loved friends. Persons witnessing the scene were touched to tears, and some one asked Rene: "But how old are you, little man?" "Oh, seven and a half; but I am so glad to see Solon!"

To describe the feelings of the latter is impossible. I suppose the common saying, He did not know whether he was standing on his head or heels, was particularly applicable to him. What is sure is, that he had never before felt dear little loving arms round his neck, nor rosy lips kiss his brawny cheek. He wept for joy.

Next Saturday the boys pleaded again; "Mamma, we should so love to invite Solon." He was accordingly asked for the morrow, and now and then afterwards on a Sabbath. The appointed hour is half-past two, but at half-past one Solon is already before the gate, walking discreetly up and down, until it is time to go in. The jubilation of the children was uproarious the first time they saw him enter attired in his blue handkerchief. They sat round the table, a boy on each side of the man, and opposite, in her high chair, their only sister, just three years old, merry little Rose, calling, too, "Solon, Solon!" For the first time in his life he was admitted into a happy home. Madame H —— provided coffee, pudding, and buns; then sat in the next room, from where she could hear the children's prattle and Solon's answers. Not one improper word passed his lips; he felt, I suppose, respect for his young friends. They sang many hymns in their hearty manner, and Solon, who can read, sang also from the book; his notes hoarse and false, anything but harmonious, but the children did not mind; they were happy to sing with him. Rene lent him his book, "The Life of Jesus," with pictures, a valued gift from his grandmother. Truly that table with the three children and the poor old man, a brand plucked out of the fire, is a sight over which the angels look down from heaven and rejoice.

Two or three weeks ago, since the weather has become milder, the boys said on a Saturday: "If it is fine to-morrow may we not take a walk with Solon?" This was almost too much for Madame H ——, yet she believed it right to consent, but she managed to walk behind at some distance, unseen by the group. She observed how people in the streets looked with surprise at the two nice little boys chattering on each side of the queer-looking man. She noticed, too, a policeman dressed as a civilian, and watching the trio feeling in duty bound so to do, as Solon was well-known to him, but not those children. Madame H ——, stopped him a moment, saying: "I am following; there is nothing to fear." God bless Raoul's and Rene's missionary work; and if ever through the force of habit poor miserable Solon was to fall again into sin, may the remembrance of those children's love be in the hands of the Lord the means of his rescue and his salvation!—*A. R. de V., in the Christian.*

WINEKIN, UNFERMENTED WINE.

An Australian journal publishes the following detailed account, as made by Mr. E. Hulme, before the Victorian Vegetable Commission, of the preparation of grape juice to keep it in an unfermented state. The method is so simple that anyone may follow it:

Mr. Hulme manufactures his unfermented wine on the Wright (London) process. The grapes are picked when they are well ripened, and the juice expressed and bottled as soon as possible afterward. The bottles are filled brimful, and placed up to their necks in vats of boiling water within ten degrees of boiling point. When the must is as hot as the water, the cork is forced into the bottle, expelling a portion of the liquid to make room for itself. This is a particular point; for if the least measure of air is left between the cork and liquor the oxygen contained in the air will set the saccharine matter contained in the wine in motion, and fermentation will ensue. When the cork is forced into the bottle the liquid is in a state of expansion from the heat. As it cools it contracts, leaving a vacancy between the cork and the liquid. But the vacancy must not be an atmospheric chamber. The cork must, of course, be thoroughly air-tight, excluding the least quantity of air. If fermentation does set in, it may be driven off by reheating the wine. The bottles are then laid on their sides in a cool place, and the organic foreign substances in the must allowed to settle so that the liquid may become clear.

The settling may occupy whatever period the manufacturer chooses. Sufficient time should, however, be given for the foreign substances in the wine to settle on the side of the bottle. But, apart from that, it can lie six months or a year without drainage. At the end of the settling period it is decanted into other bottles, the sediment, of course, being left behind. These bottles must be brimful, and are again set into vats of hot water heated up to the same degree as at first, and corked in precisely the same manner, using sealing wax to exclude the air. The wine is then left to cool in the ordinary way, and must be kept in a cool place.

It is now ready for use, and will keep as long as it is kept free from contact with the atmosphere. It forms a delightful beverage, entirely free from alcohol, and is valuable for invalids and children. Mr. Wright, of London, has manufactured this beverage for many years. He colors his liquid with one or two varieties of grapes, one of which grows in Austria, and another in America. He also uses berries and coloring matter. This, however, is simply to render it more tempting to the eye. It adds nothing to its nutritious qualities. Mr. Hulme spoiled the first wine he manufactured by not filling the bottles quite full, and thus imprisoning quantities of air between the corks and the liquid. This caused fermentation. But all his subsequent operations have been successful, and he can now manufacture as good unfermented wine as Mr. Wright, from whom he obtained the secret.

WITHOUT HIM YOU CAN DO NOTHING.

A little boy once said: "How hard it is to do right! I've tried and tried, and there's no use trying any longer."

But one day, after reading his Bible, he said: "Why, I've been trying to change myself all the time, and here I read that only God can change me. I can no more change my heart than a colored man can make himself white. How foolish I have been not to ask Him!"

And he was right. Are you trying to change your own heart? You can never do it. It will get worse and worse, until you ask Jesus to give you a new heart.—*Exchange.*

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